

The Clarret Drinker's S O N G:

O R,

The Good Fellows Design.

By a Person of Quality.

A P O X of the Fooling and Plotting of late,
What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run mad with Suspitions and Fears;
Let 'em Scuffle and Farr, till they go by the Ears;
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
So I can but enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Ease,
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?
At Old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,
Has no room for Treason, that's top-full of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as His Majesty please;
Let 'em damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have VVine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear,
To Curse 'em, for making my Claret so dear.

I mind

*I mind not grave Affes, who idly debate
About Right and Succeſſion, the Trifles of State;
VVe've a good King already, and he deſerves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who ſhall come after.
Come here's to his health, and I wiſh he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as we.*

*What care I how Leagues with the Hollander go,
Or Intrigues betwixt Sidney and Monſieur d'Avaux;
What concerns it my Drinking if Cazall be ſold,
If the Conquerour takes it by ſtorming or Gold;
Good Bourdeaux alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.*

*The Bully of France, that aſpires to Renown,
By dull Cutting of Throats and vent'ring his own:
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches and treat,
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-houſe chat:
He's but a brave Wretch, whilſt I am more free,
More ſafe, and a thouſand times happier than he.*

*Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;
Or come Faggot and Stake, I care not a Groat:
Never think that in Smithfield I Porters will beat:
No I ſwear Mr. Fox pray excuſe me for that.
I'll drink in Deſiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profeſſion that never will alter.*

F I N I S.